

SEWING MACHINES.
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THE NEW
WILSON
SHUTTLE
SEWING MACHINES
PRICE, FIFTY DOLLARS.

THE IMPROVEMENTS MADE ON THE "Wilson" during the year 1871 have placed it at the head of all competition, and to-day it is without a rival. It is as durable as steel and iron can make it. Every machine of the late CASE-HARDENED FINISH is warranted five years, and a warrentee furnished with each machine.

Remember the Fact, that high prices (on sewing machines) do not indicate superiority. The combination, the ring, and the monopoly, all agree on high prices, which they, sooner or later, will be forced to reduce on account of the unprecedented rapid and increasing sales of the NEW WILSON SEWING MACHINE.

Please call and examine even if you do not wish to purchase.

A full stock of Machine Twist Spool Cotton, 50's, Needles, etc., always on hand and for sale low.

BEACH & SUTHERLAND,
355 Main Street, South of Union.

MEMPHIS
BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

WINTER '71-'72.

LOTTERY OFFICE.
J. E. FRANKS—40% North Court st. Post office box 127.

HARDWARE, CUTLERY, ETC.
ORRILL BROS. & CO.—Wholesale Importers and Jobbers, 310 and 312 Front, corner Monroe street.

DENTISTRY.
DR. HINSON—Dentist. Office and residence, No. 235 Main street, Clay building.

MASON AND PLASTERER.
H. LEMON—255 Second street. All kinds of work promptly attended to.

CHAIN PUMPS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
Also, hardware, etc. J. W. KINNEY, 318 Second street, opposite postoffice.

WAGONS.
MILBURN, WALKER & CO.—Farm, plantation and spring wagons, wheelbarrows, etc., 37 Union street.

PORTABLE GAS-LIGHT CHANDELIERS, ETC.
A. HITTZELD & SON—Coal oil, kerosene, lamps, etc., 221 Second street.

HATS, CAPS, FURS, ETC.
LEIDY & CO.—Leathers of Fashion, 290 Main street, opposite Court Square.

E. DAY—Hat store, 215 Main street. Ladies' furs altered, cleaned and repaired.

DRUGS, MEDICINES, ETC.
J. B. HILLS—Wholesale druggist, 281 Main street, Memphis, Tenn.

W. N. WILKINSON & CO.—Wholesale Druggists, 310 Main street.

J. A. J. SMITH & CO.—Wholesale and retail drug store, 225 Main street.

TEA, COFFEE AND SPICES.
U. F. CAVANAGH & CO.—Successors to Matheson Hunt & Co.—Wholesale dealers, 315 Main street.

WALL PAPER—WINDOW SHADES.
GRISHAMER & SANDER—Curtains, and all kinds of Upholstering goods, 232 Second street.

L. M. DEAN & CO., successors to Dean, Baxter & Co.—Pictures, picture frames, oil, water, and artists' supplies, 331 and 333 Main street.

A HOUSE, SIGN, AND FRESCO PAINTERS.
DEAN & CO., successors to Dean, Baxter & Co., 231 and 233 Main street.

CARRIAGE MANUFACTURERS.
OWEN LILLY—Carriages, farm and spring wagons, 63 Union street.

BOARDING, SALE, LIVERY AND FEED STABLES.
M. C. COSTELLO—City Stable, 61 Monroe street. Over 6000 head of stock sold at this stable in the past season.

W. O. BRIDGES & CO., proprietors: D. D. 81, 83 and 85 Monroe street. Stock bought and sold on commission.

W. M. WOODS—Stock yard and sale stable, 445 Main street. All classes of stock fed and sold.

J. C. MCGILLERS—43 South side Court Square and 44 Madison street. Livery, boarding and feed stable.

SELMAN & HALL—DeSoeto Stables, 53 Union street.

J. B. FAIRBANKS & CO.—Dealers in mules, horses, etc., 331 and 333 Second street.

LIFE INSURANCE.
W. C. RUFFIN—General Agent Missouri Valley Life Insurance Co., 9 West Court st.

W. W. WATTS—TACUS SORLEY, of Baltimore, 235 Main street.

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MEIGES & CO.—Dr. R. M. Bostman, proprietor, 13 Bedford, Ark.

PEYOT-GRAPEVINE, 345 and 245 Main street, corner Jefferson.

SEEDS, ETC.
H. J. WARD & CO.—Agricultural implements, etc., 235 Second street.

OTTO SCHWILKE—Agricultural implements, bone dust, land plaster, etc., 177 Main street.

PIANOS AND MUSICAL REPAIRING.
LEOPOLD GOEPPEL—375 Main street. Pianos tuned, and all kinds musical instruments repaired.

SEWING MACHINES.
WILCOX & GIBBS—Improved No. 1 Sewing machines, 375 Main street.

GROVER & BAKER—Agents Florence Sewing Machine, 215 Main street.

GROVER & BAKER—Sewing Machine Company, 315 Main street. O. G. Valentine, Agent.

VICTOR D. FUCHS—Deputy 41 Jefferson st.

FURNITURE, CARPETS, ETC.
H. T. SINNOTT, 232 Second street. All kinds of second-hand furniture bought.

PAINTS, OILS, BRUSHES, ETC.
COLE & CO.—Removed to 332 Second street. Window glass, white lead, and all kinds of painters' material.

PLUMBING, GAS AND STEAM FITTING.
M. LUNN—Removed to 233 Second street. Jefferson block.

BOOKS, STATIONERY AND PRINTING.
BOYLE & CHAPMAN—235 Main street.

PUBLIC LEADER.

By E. WHITMORE.

LARGEST CITY CIRCULATION.

Fifteen Cents Per Week

VOL. XII.

MEMPHIS, TENN.: SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 27, 1872.

NO. 128

THE PUBLIC LEADER IS PUBLISHED every afternoon (except Sunday) by E. WHITMORE.

At No. 13 Madison street.

The Public Leader is served to city subscribers by the following carriers:

By mail (in advance): One year, \$3; six months, \$2; three months, \$1; one month, 50 cents.

Newdealers supplied at 25 cents per copy.

Weekly Public Ledger.

Published every Tuesday at \$2 per annum (in advance): clubs of five or more, \$100.

Communications upon subjects of general interest to the public are at all times acceptable.

Selected manuscripts will not be returned.

RATES OF ADVERTISING IN DAILY.

First insertion, 10 cents per square.

Second insertion, 5 cents per square.

For one week, 30 cents per square.

For two weeks, 50 cents per square.

For one month, 75 cents per square.

RATES OF ADVERTISING IN WEEKLY.

First insertion, 10 cents per square.

Subsequent insertions, 5 cents per square.

Eight lines of nonpareil, solid, constitute a square.

Displayed advertisements will be charged according to the space occupied at above rates—there being twelve lines of solid type to the inch.

Notices in local column inserted for twenty cents per line for each insertion.

Special notices inserted for ten cents per line for each insertion.

Notices of deaths and marriages, twenty cents per line.

To regular advertisers we offer special inducements, both as to rate of charges and manner of displaying their favors.

All bills for advertising are due when contracted and payable on demand.

All letters, whether upon business or otherwise, must be addressed to E. WHITMORE, Publisher and Proprietor.

"BECAUSE."

Translated from Victor Hugo's "Pauvre qui tout a une," by James Freeman Clarke.

Because—every soul feels incessant desire To give to some other Its fragrance and fire:

Because—all things give. Below and above Their roses or thorns To that which they love:

Because—May give music To murmuring streams, And Night, to our pains, Give Nephenthe in dreams!

Because—the sky gives The bird to the bower, And night drops the dew In the cup of the flower:

Because—when the grave Falls asleep on the strand, It trembles, and gives A kiss to the land.

For these reasons, my own, My heart is to be kind To give the best I have in my mind.

I give my sad thoughts, My griefs, and my fears; Take the night's shower of tears.

Of my infinite longing, Take, dearest, thy part; Take my light and my shadow, O child of my heart!

Take the unalloyed truth, Take the unintercoursed blessing: And take all my songs, With their tender caresses.

Take my soul, which moves on Without sail or oar, But putting out to sea As its star evermore.

And take, O my darling, My precious, my own, This heart, which would perish, If it love thee alone.

BURNETT'S COCAINE is the best and cheapest hair-dressing in the world.

One of Mark Twain's Anecdotes.

[While waiting the stars occur. If you can't get somebody that can.]

He said that several gentlemen were conversing in a hotel parlor, and one man sat there who didn't have anything to say.

By and by the gentlemen all went out except one of the number and the silent man.

Presently the silent man reached and touched the gentleman and says, "I think, sir, I have seen you somewhere before. I am not sure where it was or when it was."

"I tell you I know I have," said the silent man.

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KENNETH'S AMBUSH.

A Charming Story.

"Three girls domiciled in the very next room. There's an end of my writing for one month at least."

Kenneth Ross pushed his papers into a confused heap, and lighted a cigar in a sort of quiet despair.

"There are my cousins, Flora, Alice, Aymer and Rosa Fernald—blue eyes, black eyes and melting gray. By the way, that monkey Rosa isn't had looking."

I rather fancy that peculiar shade of flint brown hair, and big gray eyes, and cheeks where the blood flutters like a pink pennon.

Rosa Fernald would make a tolerable good study for my next heroine—I may as well put her to some useful purpose. Heigho!

Kenneth Ross paused a moment, as the peal of girlish laughter echoed in the adjoining apartment.

"They are laughing at me. I'll wager my opal scarf. Girls always think a bachelor fair game; they have no more respect for the dignity of a man than so many Brazilian monkeys!"

And Mr. Ross looked rather complacently in the mirror opposite, which reflected an oval brown face, with shining black hair, and mustache, brilliant dark eyes, and a mischievous, spirited mouth.

Tap! tap! sounded softly on the panel of his door even while he was engaged in taking this personal survey of himself, and he had just time to take his feet off the table before Miss Flora Edgeworth put her sunshiny little head into the room.

"Cousin Kenneth, are you there?"

"Yes."

"May we come in?"

"Why, you'll come in whether I grant permission or not, and may as well say yes."

I just want the girls to see what a dear little scholarly den you have got here, all hung with pictures, meerschaums and deer's horns, and darning, darning, darning."

Flora threw open the door and admitted her companions—rosy, laughing damsels of eighteen and twenty-one.

Here he is, girls; the old bachelor, as he appears in his native wilds!

"Now, I tell you what, young ladies," said Mr. Ross, throwing his half smoked cigar deliberately out of the window, "I must trouble you to be a little less unceremonious."

For Alice and Flora had pounced upon his loose manuscript, and were already laughing over the rather illegible chirography.

Miss Fernald stood near the door, a little confused, and very pretty, in her blushes and uncertainty.

"Alice! Flora! don't!" she appealed.

"It's no use, Miss Rosa," said Kenneth, despairingly. "Girls will you be so kind as to leave my writing desk alone?"

There is no looking in that drawer, either, unless you are particularly interested in blacking-brushes and old boots."

"Oh my, girls!" twittered Miss Edgeworth, ecstatically, "here's a bottle of real Farina cologne. Out with your pocket handkerchiefs—be quick!"

But Mr. Ross preserved a staidly silence.

"Don't be cross, Kenneth," said Flora, sprinkling a scented dew on her yellow curls from the slender, foreign-shaped bottle. "We're going to the postoffice now. Rosa Fernald has written a twelve-page letter to her sweetheart out in Canada."

"Flora!" exclaimed Rosa Fernald, turning scarlet.

"And," pursued the relentless Flora, "we're going to post it. Come, girls, the sun is getting more oppressive every minute."

And the next moment Mr. Ross was left alone in the summer sirocco of the room, with heavy musk roses nodding at the open casement, and the dreamy murmur of maple boughs and far-off bees in his ear.

A twelve-page letter to her sweetest heart, pondered Mr. Kenneth with a very ominous contraction of his eye-brows.

"She must have had something very interesting to write. I wonder who he is, Canada, eh? I wish it was Van Dieman's Land."

Mr. Ross rose from his easy chair, and began to walk up and down the floor.

"It's too confounded hot to breathe here!" he said impatiently taking up his straw hat, "I'll go and take a tramp in the woods. Twelve pages! what could she have found to fill up twelve pages?"

Flora Edgeworth had succeeded in placing a thorn in her cousin's breast, all unconscious though she had been.

The sun was low in the cloudless western sky, when Kenneth Ross returned from his abstracted ramble in the woods, and the wide, old-fashioned country house was very still, as he ascended the oaken staircase, and went absently along the corridor toward his own apartment.

"Hello!"

Mr. Ross gazed vacantly around the room with something of the bewildered feeling that might have belonged to the eastern prince, when he found himself transported from pole to pole in an enchanted dream.

"I'm in the wrong room, I do believe, for there is Flora Edgeworth's white zephyr shawl on the bed, and Rosa's black velvet Derby hat, and no end of ribbons and gloves, and lace collars on the bureau. I don't see how I ever came to make such a blunder—I must have been in a brown study!"

He balanced the coquettish little black velvet Derby hat on his hand as he spoke.

"So this is the fashionable style of the chapman, eh? It certainly is a fact that women borrow their dress ideas now-a-days from the apocryphal. This is just a fac simile of my last summer's title, and that little saque, with the big brown buttons, is my cutaway coat over again."

I wonder now whether Rosa's little hat would fit me."

Mr. Ross adjusted the article of dress on one side of his curls jauntily, and viewed himself, not ill-pleased in the mirror.

"Upon my word, it don't look so bad, only this long, flapping veil is confoundedly in the way. And now where's the saque. A little light in the glove, but otherwise quite a decent fit. If a fellow holds his arms well back there's Alice's blue muslin dress. I've two minds and a half to put it on, just for the fun of the thing."

A momentary silence ensued, followed by the rustling of muslin.

"Don't meet round my waist by good six inches, but I can hold it up. I wonder makes that thing drag on the floor and hang round one's legs so. Oh, I know, the crinoline ought to go under."

For the "dignity of manhood" we are reluctant to chronicle the fact that our hero, intent on the tableau solitaire, had actually then and there proceeded to the closet, and piratically take down a hoop-skirt, which he solemnly put on!

"Jupiter! how comical it feels!" he ejaculated, with an amused face; "why I should not dare to go within a yard of a vase or statuette, and I'm quite certain I should swamp all the chairs and tables I came near. Bother this trailing muslin—always in the way!"

For Mr. Ross had unwittingly plucked his muslin shoe through the delicate fabric of the dress.

"I'm not certain but that I should make quite a nice looking woman," mused Kenneth, strutting backward and forward before the mirror, with his Derby hat balanced daintily, and the blue muslin revealing about a foot and a half of calf-kick and trousers. "On the whole—Tomb of the prophet! Is that the girls?"

Mr. Ross gave a blindly desperate jerk at his saque, and a pull at the crinoline, but all in vain.

The sweet gay voices, intermingled here and there with a ringing laugh, or a snatch of song, drew nearer and nearer.

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For an instant Mr. Ross wildly contemplated a rush through the hall to his own door, but a moment's reflection convinced him that such a retreat would be simply impossible.

"I must stay and face it out," he thought with a cold perspiration breaking out on his forehead; but hold on, there's the closet. It's just possible they will only stay here a minute or two."

And Mr. Kenneth Ross, totally oblivious of the majesty of man, fled precipitately into the closet, tumbling over his crinoline and muslin in a most disastrous manner, and hopelessly splitting open the seams of poor Alice's saque.

"Why the deuce didn't I think to secure the key?" he thought, as the girls streamed into the room. "However, I can hold tight on to the door handle if any one attempts to get in. If—by Jove—the girls should see me in this rig, I should never hear the last of it. I don't see, either, why I'm obliged to play the eaves-dropper against my will."

He leaned up against the shelves and breathlessly awaited the progress of events.

"Why," ejaculated a soft voice—Rosa's own, "where's my Derby? Was I careless enough to leave it down stairs? Flora you have hidden it."

"I wonder what you'll accuse me of next," said Flora, in an injured voice.

"You told Mr. Ross that Cousin Simon's letter was to—"

"Your sweetheart. Well, he ought to be in an awful hurry to get it. Mr. Simon Montrose is the handsomest young man I know."

"Oh, Flora, he don't compare with Mr. Ross."

"Rosa Fernald, be honest," said Flora, speaking indistinctly, with two or three hair pins in her cherry mouth, "which do you like the best, cousin Ken, or Simon Montrose?"

"Tell me, now, honestly."

The answer came in a low, half inaudible voice.

"Kenneth!"

The heart under Alice's saque gave a great joyous leap.

Mr. Kenneth Ross' head came in contact with something on the upper shelf, and down came a rain of band-boxes on his occupant.

There was an instant's terrified silence, and then all the girls began to scream in chorus.

"Mercy!" ejaculated Alice, what is it?"

"How silly we all are!" said Rosa, tremulously. "It's only the cat."

"As if a cat could make such a noise as that!" sobbed Flora. "Call Uncle John—bring a revolver! Alice, do look and see what it is."

"No, you look," faltered Alice, retreating behind the bureau.

"I'll look myself," said Rosa Fernald, bravely advancing to the rescue.

But when the door handle refused to turn, she was obliged to wait.

"Some one is holding the door inside. Call the men."

"There is no necessity," quoth a voice from behind the panels.

And the next moment the closed door flew open, and crinoline, and a countenance whose utter sheepishness can never be described was disclosed to their view.

"Cousin Ken!" shrieked Flora.

"Mr. Ross," faltered Miss Fernald.

"Why, it can't be possible," ejaculated Alice.

And then the three girls clung to each other in paroxysms of laughter.

"The fact is, ladies," commenced Kenneth, confessedly, "I—won't—some one help me off with this muslin-trap of a hoop-skirt! Miss Alice, I'm very sorry I've split your saque open, but—well, if I don't stop laughing, I can't explain; that's the long and the short of it."

But Rosa Fernald had stopped laughing already, and the pink of her cheeks was deepening into scarlet.

She had just remembered the words carelessly spoken in that very room not five minutes ago.

In an inexplicable short space of time Mr. Ross had torn off his feminine adornment and fled ignominiously, followed by the peals of laughter of his cousin and Alice Aymer.

Rosa—strange little piece of contradiction—had begun to cry.

"Poor little thing, she's hysterical," said Aunt Meg, who had just appeared on the scene.

But Rosa Fernald was not hysterical. The full delicious moon of a summer was in the mid heaven that night, and Kenneth Ross strolled into the garden moodily puffing at a cigar, and contemplating the feasibility of leaving quiet Warburg to avoid the girl's sarcasm.

"I was a fool," quoth Kenneth aloud, "but—what's there?"

It was Rosa, with two or three white clover pink in her hand, coming from the lower part of the garden.

And by the full, brilliant moonlight Kenneth saw the traces of tears on her cheek.

"Rosa, you have been crying."

"No! I haven't!"

And to prove the truth of her assertion, Rosa began to cry afresh.

"Look here, Rosa," said the young man gravely. "I have been thinking of leaving Warburg to-morrow."

"But," pursued Mr. Ross, "I'll stay if—"

"You'll only tell me to my face what you told my cousin when I was hidden away like a foolish rat in a trap, Rosa. Speak to me, little one!"

"What shall I tell you?" faltered Rosa.

"That you love me! that you will be my dear and cherished wife!"

And she told me so, in the language lovers best like to hear.

And Mr. Kenneth Ross stayed in Warburg and braved the ridicule of Alice and Flora, with little Rosa marshalled on